ENG 27

from "Twelfth Night".

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130

HOW IMPERFECT IS EXPRESSION

Sung by Mrs Abington in the Twelfth Night

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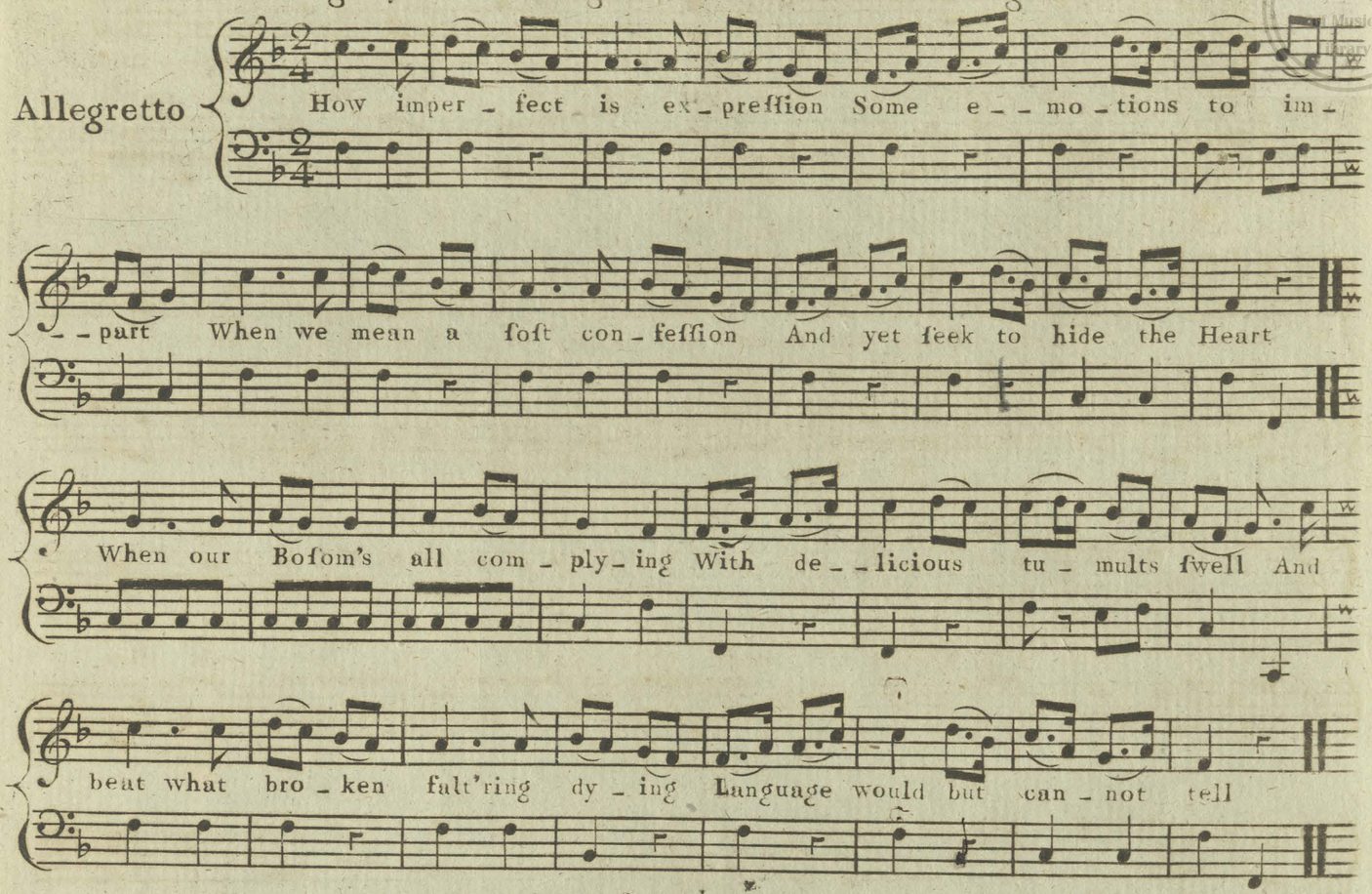

Allegretto
How imper - fect is ex - preſſion Some e - - mo - tions to im -
- part When we mean a ſoft con - feſſion And yet ſeek to hide the Heart
When our Boſom's all com - ply - ing With de - - licious tu - mults ſwell And
beat what bro - ken falt'ring dy - ing Language would but can - not tell

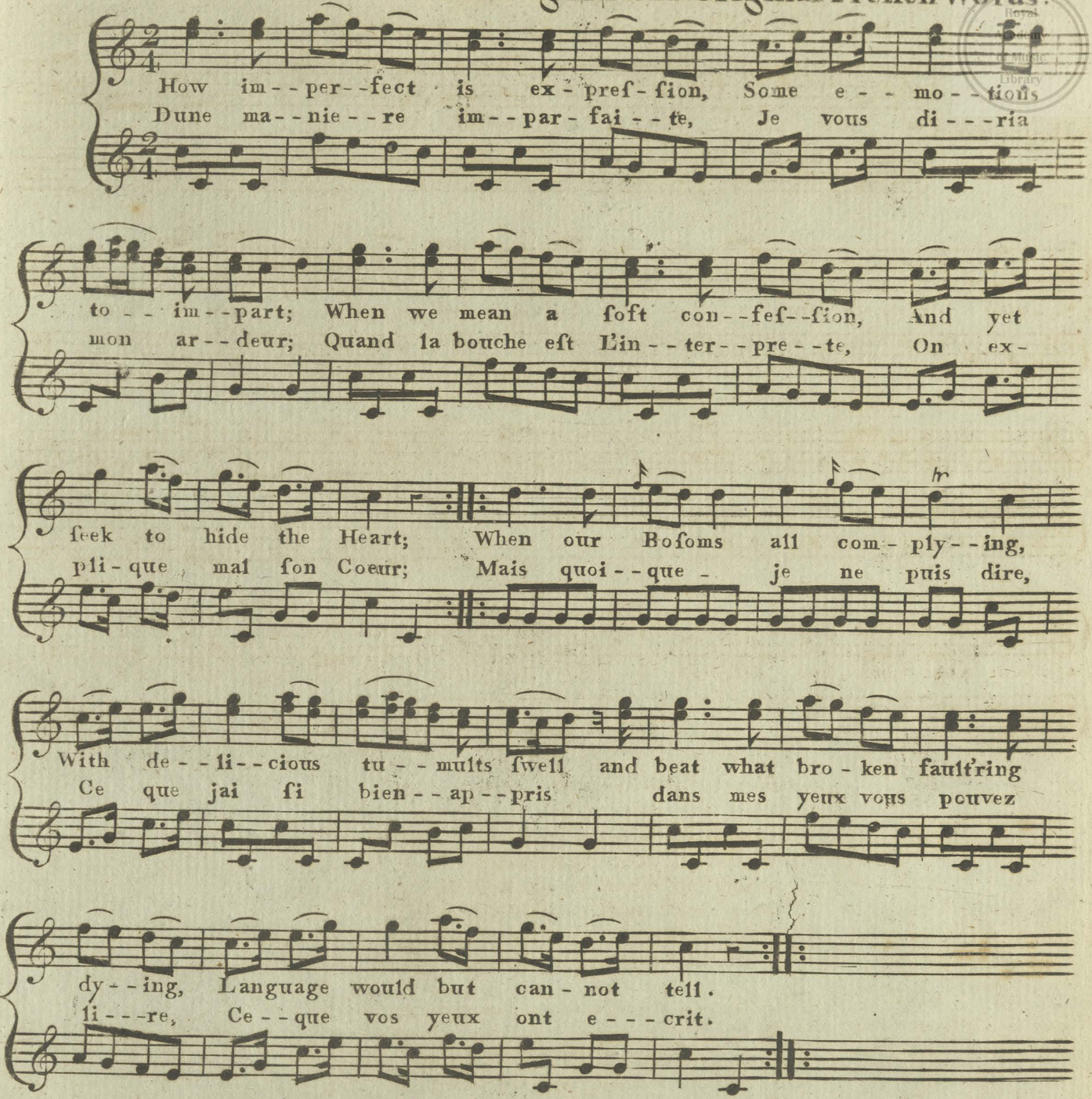
2

Deep confuſion's roſy terror,
Quite expreſſive paints my cheek.
Aſk no more, behold your error,
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak;
What tho' ſilent is my Anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the Air,
Mark my Eyes and as they languiſh,
Read what yours have written there.

3

O that you could once conceive me,
Once my Souls ſtrong feelings view;
Love has nought more fond, believe me,
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true;
From you, I am wild, deſpairing.
With you ſpeechleſs, as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

For the Guitar with the Engliſh and Original French Words.


How im--per--fect is ex-preſ-ſion, Some e--mo--tions
Dune ma--nie--re im--par-fai--te, Je vous di---ria
to--im--part; When we mean a ſoft con--feſ--ſion, And yet
mon ar--deur; Quand la bouche eſt L'in--ter--pre--te, On ex-
ſeek to hide the Heart; When our Boſoms all com-ply--ing,
pli-que mal ſon Coeur; Mais quoi--que je ne puis dire,
With de--li--cious tu--mults ſwell and beat what bro-ken faulſring
Ce que jai ſi bien--ap--pris dans mes yeux vous pouvez
dy--ing, Language would but can-not tell.
li---re, Ce--que vos yeux ont e---crit.

Ah ſi vous comprendre,
Ce que je reſsons pour vous,
L'amour na rien de ſi tendre;
Ni L'amitie di ſi doux:
Loin de vous non coeur ſoupire,
Pres de vous je ſuis interdit;
Viola tout ce que joſe vous dire
Et peut etre jai trop dit.

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